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CHAPTER XLV.

IN WHICH HARRY FINDS TWO UNCLES.

WE have all of us, no doubt, had a fine experience of the world, and a vast variety of characters have passed under our eyes; but there is one sort of men—not an uncommon object of satire in novels and plays—of whom I confess to have met with scarce any specimens at all in my intercourse with this sinful mankind. I mean, mere religious hypocrites, preaching for ever, and not believing a word of their own sermons; infidels in broad brims and sables, expounding, exhorting, comminating, blessing, without any faith in their own paradise, or fear about their pandemonium. Look at those candid troops of hobnails clumping to church on a Sunday evening; those rustling maid-servants in their ribbons whom the young apprentices follow; those little regiments of schoolboys; those trim young maidens and staid matrons, marching with their glistening prayer-books, as the chapel bell chinks yonder (passing Ebenezer, very likely, where the congregation of umbrellas, great bonnets, and pattens, is by this time assembled under the flaring gas-lamps). Look at those! How many of them are hypocrites, think you? Very likely the maid-servant is thinking of her sweetheart: the grocer is casting about how he can buy that parcel of sugar, and whether the County Bank will take any more of his paper: the head-schoolboy is conning

Latin verses for Monday's exercise: the young scapegrace remembers that after this service and sermon, there will be papa's exposition at home, but that there will be pie for supper: the clerk who calls out the psalm has his daughter in trouble, and drones through his responses scarcely aware of their meaning: the very moment the parson hides his face on his cushion, he may be thinking of that bill which is coming due on Monday. These people are not heavenly-minded; they are of the world, worldly, and have not yet got their feet off of it; but they are not hypocrites, look you. Folks have their religion in some handy mental lock-up, as it were,—a valuable medicine, to be taken in ill-health; and a man administers his nostrum to his neighbour, and recommends his private cure for the other's complaint. "My dear madam, you have spasms? You will find these drops infallible!" "You have been taking too much wine, my good sir? By this pill you may defy any evil consequences from too much wine, and take your bottle of port daily." Of spiritual and bodily physic, who are more fond and eager dispensers than women? And we know that, especially a hundred years ago, every lady in the country had her still-room, and her medicine-chest, her pills, powders, potions, for all the village round.

My Lady Warrington took charge of the consciences and the digestions of her husband's tenants and family. She had the faith and health of the servants'-hall in keeping. Heaven can tell whether she knew how to doctor them rightly: but, was it pill or doctrine, she administered one or the other with equal belief in her own authority, and her disciples swallowed both obediently. She believed herself to be one of the most virtuous, self-denying, wise, learned women in the world; and, dinning this opinion perpetually into the ears of all round about her, succeeded in bringing not a few persons to join in her persuasion.

At Sir Miles's dinner there was so fine a side-board of plate, and such a number of men in livery, that it required some presence of mind to perceive that the beer was of the smallest which the butler brought round in the splendid tankard, and that there was but one joint of mutton on the grand silver dish. When Sir Miles called the King's health, and smacked his jolly lips over his wine, he eyed it and the company as if the liquor was ambrosia. He asked Harry Warrington whether they had port like that in Virginia? He said that was nothing to the wine Harry should taste in Norfolk. He praised the wine so, that Harry almost believed that it was good, and winked into his own glass, trying to see some of the merits which his uncle perceived in the ruby nectar.

Just as we see in many a well-regulated family of this present century, the Warringtons had their two paragons. Of the two grown daughters, the one was the greatest beauty, the other the greatest genius and angel of any young lady then alive, as Lady Warrington told Harry. The eldest, the Beauty, was engaged to dear Tom Clay-

pool, the fond mother informed her Cousin Harry in confidence. But the second daughter, the Genius and Angel was for ever set upon our young friend to improve his wits and morals. She sang to him at the harpsichord—rather out of tune for an angel, Harry thought; she was ready with advice, instruction, conversation—with almost too much instruction and advice, thought Harry, who would have far preferred the society of the little cousin who reminded him of Fanny Mountain at home. But the last-mentioned young maiden, after dinner retired to her nursery commonly. Beauty went off on her own avocations; Mamma had to attend to her poor or write her voluminous letters; Papa dozed in his arm-chair; and the Genius remained to keep her young cousin company.

The calm of the house somehow pleased the young man, and he liked to take refuge there away from the riot and dissipation in which he ordinarily lived. Certainly no welcome could be kinder than that which he got. The doors were opened to him at all hours. If Flora was not at home, Dora was ready to receive him. Ere many days' acquaintance, he and his little Cousin Miles had been to have a galloping-match in the Park, and Harry, who was kind and generous to every man alive who came near him, had in view the purchase of a little horse for his cousin, far better than that which the boy rode, when the circumstances occurred which brought all our poor Harry's coaches and horses to a sudden break-down.

Though Sir Miles Warrington had imagined Virginia to be an island, the ladies were much better instructed in geography, and anxious to hear from Harry all about his home and his native country. He, on his part, was not averse to talk about it. He described to them the length and breadth of his estate; the rivers which it coasted; the produce which it bore. He had had with a friend a little practice of surveying in his boyhood. He made a map of his county, with some fine towns here and there, which, in truth, were but log-huts (but, for the honour of his country, he was desirous that they should wear as handsome a look as possible). Here was Potomac; here was James River; here were the wharves whence his mother's ships and tobacco were brought to the sea. In truth, the estate was as large as a county. He did not brag about the place overmuch. To see the handsome young fellow, in a fine suit of velvet and silver-lace, making his draught, pointing out this hill and that forest or town, you might have imagined him a travelling prince describing the realms of the queen his mother. He almost fancied himself to be so at times. He had miles where gentlemen in England had acres. Not only Dora listened, but the beauteous Flora bowed her fair head and heard him with attention. Why, what was young Tom Claypool, their brother baronet's son in Norfolk, with his great boots, his great voice, and his heirdom to a poor five thousand acres, compared to this young American prince and charming stranger? Angel as she was, Dora began to lose her angelic temper, and to twit Flora for a flirt. Claypool, in his red

waistcoat, would sit dumb before the splendid Harry in his ruffles and laces, talking of March and Chesterfield, Selwyn and Bolingbroke, and the whole company of Macaronis. Mamma began to love Harry more and more as a son. She was anxious about the spiritual welfare of those poor Indians, of those poor negroes in Virginia. What could she do to help dear Madam Esmond (a precious woman, she knew !) in the good work ? She had a serious butler and housekeeper : they were delighted with the spiritual behaviour and sweet musical gifts of Gumbo.

"Ah ! Harry, Harry ! you have been a sad wild boy ! Why did you not come sooner to us, sir, and not lose your time amongst the spendthrifts and the vain world ? But 'tis not yet too late. We must reclaim thee, dear Harry ! Musn't we, Sir Miles ? Musn't we, Dora ? Mustn't we, Flora ?"

The three ladies all look up to the ceiling. They *will* reclaim the dear prodigal. It is which shall reclaim him most. Dora sits by and watches Flora. As for mamma, when the girls are away, she talks to him more and more seriously, more and more tenderly. She will be a mother to him in the absence of his own admirable parent. She gives him a hymn-book. She kisses him on the forehead. She is actuated by the purest love, tenderness, religious regard, towards her dear, wayward, wild, amiable nephew.

Whilst these sentimentalities were going on, it is to be presumed that Mr. Warrington kept his own counsel about his affairs out-of-doors, which we have seen were in the very worst condition. He who had been favoured by fortune for so many weeks was suddenly deserted by her, and a few days had served to kick down all his heap of winnings. Do we say that my Lord Castlewood, his own kinsman, had dealt unfairly by the young Virginian, and in the course of a couple of afternoons' closet practice had robbed him ? We would insinuate nothing so disrespectful to his lordship's character ; but he had won from Harry every shilling which properly belonged to him, and would have played him for his reversions but that the young man flung up his hands when he saw himself so far beaten, and declared that he must continue the battle no more. Remembering that there still remained a spar out of the wreck, as it were—that portion which he had set aside for poor Sampson—Harry ventured it at the gaming-table ; but that last resource went down along with the rest of Harry's possessions, and Fortune fluttered off in the storm, leaving the luckless adventurer almost naked on the shore.

When a man is young and generous and hearty the loss of money scarce afflicts him. Harry would sell his horses and carriages, and diminish his *train* of life. If he wanted immediate supplies of money, would not his Aunt Bernstein be his banker, or his kinsman who had won so much from him, or his kind Uncle Warrington and Lady Warrington who were always talking virtue and benevolence, and declaring that they loved him as a son ? He would call upon these, or

any one of them whom he might choose to favour, at his leisure; meanwhile, Sampson's story of his landlord's distress touched the young gentleman, and, in order to raise a hasty supply for the clergyman, he carried off all his trinkets to a certain pawnbroker's shop in St. Martin's Lane.

Now this broker was a relative or partner of that very Mr. Sparks of Tavistock Street from whom Harry had purchased—purchased did we say?—no; taken the trinkets which he had intended to present to his Oakhurst friends; and it chanced that Mr. Sparks came to visit his brother tradesman very soon after Mr. Warrington had disposed of his goods. Recognising immediately the little enamelled diamond-handled repeater which he had sold to the Fortunate Youth, the jeweller broke out into expressions regarding Harry which I will not mention here, being already accused of speaking much too plainly. A gentleman who is acquainted with a pawnbroker, we may be sure has a bailiff or two amongst his acquaintances; and those bailiffs have followers who, at the bidding of the impartial Law, will touch with equal hand the fiercest captain's epaulet or the finest Macaroni's shoulder. The very gentlemen who had seized upon Lady Maria at Tunbridge were set upon her cousin in London. They easily learned from the garrulous Gumbo that his honour was at Sir Miles Warrington's house in Hill Street, and whilst the black was courting Mrs. Lambert's maid at the adjoining mansion, Mr. Costigan and his assistant lay in wait for poor Harry, who was enjoying the delights of intercourse with a virtuous family circle assembled round his aunt's table. Never had Uncle Miles been more cordial, never had Aunt Warrington been more gracious, gentle, and affectionate; Flora looked unusually lovely, Dora had been more than ordinarily amiable. At parting my lady gave him both her hands, and called benedictions from the ceiling down upon him. Papa had said in his most jovial manner, "Hang it, nephew! when I was thy age I should have kissed two such fine girls as Do and Flo ere this, and my own flesh and blood, too! Don't tell me! I *should*, my Lady Warrington! Odds-fish! 'tis the boy blushes, and not the girls, I think—I suppose they are used to it. He!—he!"

"Papa!" cry the virgins.

"Sir Miles!" says the august mother at the same instant.

"There, there," says papa, "a kiss won't do no harm, and won't tell no tales: will it nephew Harry?" I suppose, during the utterance of the above three brief phrases, the harmless little osculatory operation has taken place, and blushing Cousin Harry has touched the damask cheek of Cousin Flora and Cousin Dora.

As he goes down stairs with his uncle, mamma makes a speech to the girls, looking, as usual, up to the ceiling, and saying, "What precious qualities your poor dear cousin has! What shrewdness mingled with his simplicity, and what a fine genteel manner, though upon mere worldly elegance I set little store. What a dreadful pity

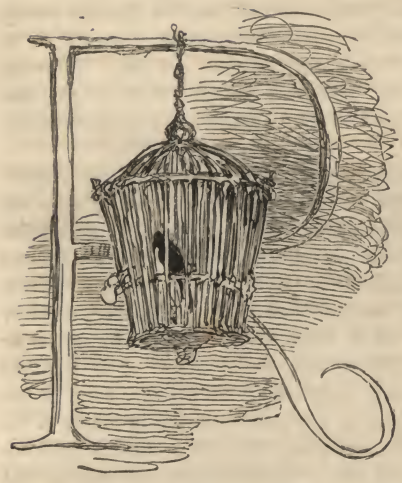
to think that such a vessel should ever be lost! We must rescue him, my loves. We must take him away from those wicked companions, and those horrible Castlewoods—not that I would speak ill of my neighbours. But I shall hope, I shall pray, that he may be rescued from his evil courses!" and again Lady Warrington eyes the cornice in a most determined manner, as the girls wistfully look towards the door behind which their interesting cousin has just vanished.

His uncle will go down stairs with him. He calls "God bless you, my boy!" most affectionately: he presses Harry's hand, and repeats his valuable benediction at the door. As it closes, the light from the hall within having sufficiently illuminated Mr. Warrington's face and figure, two gentlemen, who have been standing on the opposite side of the way, advance rapidly, and one of them takes a strip of paper out of his pocket, and putting his hand upon Mr. Warrington's shoulder, declares him his prisoner. A hackney coach is in attendance, and poor Harry goes to sleep in Chancery Lane.

O, to think that a Virginian prince's back should be slapped by a ragged bailiff's follower!—that Madame Esmond's son should be in a spunging house in Cursitor Street! I do not envy our young prodigal his rest on that dismal night. Let us hit him now he is down, my beloved young friends. Let us imagine the stings of remorse keeping him wakeful on his dingy pillow: the horrid jollifications of other hardened inmates of the place ringing in his ears from the room hard by, where they sit boozing; the rage and shame and discomfiture. No pity on him I say, my honest young gentlemen, for *you*, of course, have never indulged in extravagance or folly, or paid the reckoning of remorse.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CHAINS AND SLAVERY.



REMORSE for past misdeeds and follies Harry sincerely felt, when he found himself a prisoner in that dismal lock-up house, and wrath and annoyance at the idea of being subjected to the indignity of arrest; but the present unpleasantry he felt sure could only be momentary. He had twenty friends who would release him from his confinement: to which of them should he apply, was the question. Mr. Draper, the man of business, who had been so obsequious to him: his kind uncle the baronet, who had offered to make his house Harry's home, who loved him as a son: his Cousin Castlewood, who had won such large sums from him: his noble friends at the Chocolate House, his good Aunt Bernstein—any one of these Harry felt sure would give him a help in his trouble, though some of the relatives, perhaps, might administer to him a little scolding for his imprudence. The main point was, that the matter should be transacted quietly, for Mr. Warrington was anxious that as few as possible of the public should know how a gentleman of his prodigious importance had been subject to such a vulgar process as an arrest. As if the public does not end by knowing everything it cares to know. As if the dinner I shall have to-day, and the hole in the stocking which I wear at this present writing, can be kept a secret from some enemy or other who has a mind to pry it out—though my boots are on, and my door was locked when I dressed myself! I mention that hole in the stocking for sake of example merely. The world can pry out everything about us which it has a mind to know. But then there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their

own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison, and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Psha! Your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing *has* happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes; appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose Society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsoleable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner, pretty much as before. Therefore don't be so conceited about yourself as to fancy your private affairs of so much importance, *mi fili*. Whereas Mr. Harry Warrington chafed and fumed as though all the world was tingling with the touch of that hand which had been laid on his sublime shoulder.

"A pretty sensation my arrest must have created at the club!" thought Harry. "I suppose that Mr. Selwyn will be cutting all sorts of jokes about my misfortune, plague take him! Everybody round the table will have heard of it. March will tremble about the bet I have with him; and, faith, 'twill be difficult to pay him when I lose. They will all be setting up a whoop of congratulation at the Savage, as they call me, being taken prisoner. How shall I ever be able to appear in the world again? Whom shall I ask to come to my help? No," thought he, with his mingled acuteness and simplicity, "I will not send in the first instance to any of my relations or my noble friends at White's. I will have Sampson's counsel. He has often been in a similar predicament, and will know how to advise me." Accordingly, as soon as the light of dawn appeared, after an almost intolerable delay—for it seemed to Harry as if the sun had forgotten to visit Cursitor Street in his rounds that morning—and as soon as the inmates of the house of bondage were stirring, Mr. Warrington dispatched a messenger to his friend in Long Acre, acquainting the Chaplain with the calamity just befallen him, and beseeching his reverence to give him the benefit of his advice and consolation.

Mr. Warrington did not know, to be sure, that to send such a message to the parson was as if he said, "I am fallen amongst the lions. Come down, my dear friend, into the pit with me." Harry very likely thought Sampson's difficulties were over; or, more likely still, was so much engrossed with his own affairs and perplexities, as to bestow little thought upon his neighbour's. Having sent off his missive the captive's mind was somewhat more at ease, and he condescended to call for breakfast, which was brought to him presently. The attendant who served him with his morning repast, asked him whether he would order dinner, or take his meal at Mrs. Bailiff's table

with some other gentlemen? No. Mr. Warrington would not order dinner. He should quit the place before dinner-time, he informed the chamberlain who waited on him in that grim tavern. The man went away, thinking no doubt that this was not the first young gentleman who had announced that he was going away ere two hours were over. "Well, if your honour *does* stay, there is good beef and carrot at two o'clock," says the sceptic, and closes the door on Mr. Harry and his solitary meditations.

Harry's messenger to Mr. Sampson brought back a message from that gentleman to say that he would be with his patron as soon as might be: but ten o'clock came, eleven o'clock, noon, and no Sampson. No Sampson arrived, but about twelve Gumbo with a portmanteau of his master's clothes, who flung himself, roaring with grief, at Harry's feet: and with a thousand vows of fidelity, expressed himself ready to die, to sell himself into slavery over again, to do anything to rescue his beloved Master Harry from this calamitous position. Harry was touched with the lad's expressions of affection, and told him to get up from the ground where he was grovelling on his knees, embracing his master's. "All you have to do, sir, is to give me my clothes to dress, and to hold your tongue about this business. Mind you, not a word, sir, about it to anybody!" says Mr. Warrington, severely.

"O no, sir, never to nobody!" says Gumbo, looking most solemnly, and proceeded to dress his master carefully, who had need of a change and a toilette after his yesterday's sudden capture, and night's dismal rest. Accordingly Gumbo flung a dash of powder in Harry's hair, and arrayed his master carefully and elegantly, so that he made Mr. Warrington look as fine and splendid as if he had been stepping into his chair to go to St. James's.

Indeed all that love and servility could do Mr. Gumbo faithfully did for his master, for whom he had an extreme regard and attachment. But there were certain things beyond Gumbo's power. He could not undo things which were done already; and he could not help lying and excusing himself when pressed upon points disagreeable to himself. The language of slaves is lies (I mean black slaves and white). The creature slinks away and hides with subterfuges, as a hunted animal runs to his covert at the sight of man, the tyrant and pursuer. Strange relics of feudality, and consequence of our ever-so-old social life! Our domestics (are they not men, too, and brethren?) are all hypocrites before us. They never speak naturally to us, or the whole truth. We should be indignant: we should say, confound their impudence: we should turn them out of doors if they did. But *quo me rapis?* O my unbridled hobby?

Well, the truth is, that as for swearing not to say a word about his master's arrest—such an oath as that was impossible to keep: for, with a heart full of grief indeed, but with a tongue that never could cease wagging, bragging, joking, and lying, Mr. Gumbo had announced the woful circumstance to a prodigious number of his acquaintances

already, chiefly gentlemen of the shoulder-knot and worsted lace. We have seen how he carried the news to Colonel Lambert's and Lord Wrotham's servants: he had proclaimed it at the footman's club to which he belonged, and which was frequented by the gentlemen of some of the first nobility. He had subsequently condescended to partake of a mug of ale in Sir Miles Warrington's butler's room, and there had repeated and embellished the story. Then he had gone off to Madame Bernstein's people, with some of whom he was on terms of affectionate intercourse, and had informed that domestic circle of his grief: and, his master being captured, and there being no earthly call for his personal services that evening, Gumbo had stepped up to Lord Castlewood's, and informed the gentry there of the incident which had just come to pass. So when, laying his hand on his heart, and with gushing floods of tears, Gumbo says, in reply to his master's injunction, "O, no, master! nebber to nobody!" we are in a condition to judge of the degree of credibility which ought to be given to the lad's statement.

The black had long completed his master's toilet: the dreary breakfast was over: slow as the hours went to the prisoner, still they were passing one after another, but no Sampson came in accordance with the promise sent in the morning. At length, some time after noon, there arrived, not Sampson, but a billet from him, sealed with a moist wafer, and with the ink almost yet wet. The unlucky divine's letter ran as follows:

O, sir, dear sir, I have done all that a man can at the command and in the behalf of his patron! You did not know, sir, to what you were subjecting me, did you? Else, if I was to go to prison, why did I not share yours, and why am I in a lock-up house three doors off?

Yes. Such is the fact. As I was hastening to you, knowing full well the danger to which I was subject:—but what danger will I not affront at the call of such a benefactor as Mr. Warrington hath been to me?—I was seized by two villains who had a writ against me, and who have lodged me at Naboth's, hard by, and so close to your honour, that we could almost hear each other across the garden-walls of the respective houses where we are confined.

I had much and of importance to say, which I do not care to write down on paper, regarding your affairs. May they mend! May my cursed fortunes, too, better themselves, is the prayer of

Your honour's afflicted Chaplain in Ordinary,

J. S.

And now, as Mr. Sampson refuses to speak, it will be our duty to acquaint the reader with those matters whereof the poor Chaplain did not care to discourse on paper.

Gumbo's loquacity had not reached so far as Long Acre, and Mr. Sampson was ignorant of the extent of his patron's calamity until

he received Harry's letter and messenger from Chancery Lane. The divine was still ardent with gratitude for the service Mr. Warrington had just conferred on him, and eager to find some means to succour his distressed patron. He knew what a large sum Lord Castlewood had won from his cousin, had dined in company with his lordship on the day before, and now ran to Lord Castlewood's house, with a hope of arousing him to some pity for Mr. Warrington. Sampson made a very eloquent and touching speech to Lord Castlewood about his kinsman's misfortune, and spoke with a real kindness and sympathy, which however failed to touch the nobleman to whom he addressed himself.

My lord peevishly and curtly put a stop to the Chaplain's passionate pleading. "Did I not tell you, two days since, when you came for money, that I was as poor as a beggar, Sampson," said his lordship, "and has anybody left me a fortune since? The little sum I won from my cousin was swallowed up by others. I not only can't help Mr. Warrington, but, as I pledge you my word, not being in the least aware of his calamity, I had positively written to him this morning to ask him to help *me*." And a letter to this effect did actually reach Mr. Warrington from his lodgings, whither it had been dispatched by the penny-post.

"I must get him money, my lord. I know he had scarcely anything left in his pocket after relieving me. Were I to pawn my cassock and bands, he must have money," cried the Chaplain.

"Amen. Go and pawn your bands, your cassock, anything you please. Your enthusiasm does you credit," said my lord, and resumed the reading of his paper, whilst, in the deepest despondency, poor Sampson left him.

My Lady Maria meanwhile had heard that the Chaplain was with her brother, and conjectured what might be the subject on which they had been talking. She seized upon the parson as he issued from out his fruitless interview with my lord. She drew him into the dining-room: the strongest marks of grief and sympathy were in her countenance. "Tell me, what is this has happened to Mr. Warrington?" she asked.

"Your ladyship, then, knows?" asked the Chaplain.

"Have I not been in mortal anxiety ever since his servant brought the dreadful news last night?" asked my lady. "We had it as we came from the Opera—from my Lady Yarmouth's box—my lord, my Lady Castlewood, and I."

"His lordship, then, *did* know?" continued Sampson.

"Benson told the news when we came from the playhouse to our tea," repeats Lady Maria.

The Chaplain lost all patience and temper at such duplicity. "This is too bad," he said, with an oath; and he told Lady Maria of the conversation which he had just had with Lord Castlewood, and of the latter's refusal to succour his cousin, after winning great sums of

money from him, and with much eloquence and feeling of Mr. Warrington's most generous behaviour to himself.

Then my Lady Maria broke out with a series of remarks regarding her own family, which were by no means complimentary to her own kith and kin. Although not accustomed to tell truth commonly, yet, when certain families fall out, it is wonderful what a number of truths they will tell about one another. With tears, imprecations, I do not like to think how much stronger language, Lady Maria burst into a furious and impassioned tirade, in which she touched upon the history of almost all her noble family. She complimented the men and the ladies alike; she shrieked out interrogatories to Heaven, inquiring why it had made such—— (never mind what names she called her brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, parents); and, emboldened with wrath, she dashed at her brother's library-door, so shrill in her outcries, so furious in her demeanour, that the alarmed Chaplain, fearing the scene which might ensue, made for the street.

My lord, looking up from the book or other occupation which engaged him, regarded the furious woman with some surprise, and selected a good strong oath to fling at her, as it were, and check her onset.

But, when roused, we have seen how courageous Maria could be. Afraid as she was ordinarily of her brother, she was not in a mood to be frightened now by any language of abuse or sarcasm at his command.

"So, my lord!" she called out; "you sit down with him in private to cards, and pigeon him! You get the poor boy's last shilling, and you won't give him a guinea out of his own winnings now he is penniless!"

"So that infernal Chaplain has been telling tales!" says my lord.

"Dismiss him: do! Pay him his wages, and let him go,—he will be glad enough!" cries Maria.

"I keep him to marry one of my sisters, in case he is wanted," says Castlewood, glaring at her.

"What can the women be in a family where there are such men?" says the lady.

"*Effectivement!*" says my lord, with a shrug of his shoulder.

"What can we be, when our fathers and brothers are what they are? We are bad enough, but what are you? I say, you neither have courage—no, nor honour, nor common feeling. As your equals won't play with you, my Lord Castlewood, you must take this poor lad out of Virginia, your own kinsman, and pigeon him! O, it's a shame—a shame!"

"We are all playing our own game, I suppose. Haven't you played and won one, Maria? Is it you that are squeamish all of a sudden about the poor lad from Virginia? Has Mr. Harry cried off, or has your ladyship got a better offer?" cried my lord. "If you won't have him, one of the Warrington girls will, I promise you; and the

old Methodist woman in Hill Street will give him the choice of either. Are you a fool, Maria Esmond? A greater fool, I mean, than in common?"

"I should be a fool if I thought that either of my brothers could act like an honest man, Eugene!" said Maria. "I am a fool to expect that you will be other than you are; that if you find any relative in distress you will help him; that if you can meet with a victim you won't fleece him."

"Fleece him! Psha! What folly are you talking! Have you not seen, from the course which the lad has been running for months past, how he would end? If I had not won his money, some other would? I never grudged thee thy little plans regarding him. Why shouldst thou fly in a passion, because I have just put out my hand to take what he was offering to all the world? I reason with you, I don't know why, Maria. You should be old enough to understand reason, at any rate. You think this money belonged of right to Lady Maria Warrington and her children? I tell you that in three months more every shilling would have found its way to White's macco-table, and that it is much better spent in paying my debts. So much for your ladyship's anger, and tears, and menaces, and naughty language. See! I am a good brother, and repay them with reason and kind words."

"My good brother might have given a little more than kind words to the lad from whom he has just taken hundreds," interposed the sister of this affectionate brother.

"Great Heavens, Maria! Don't you see that even out of this affair, unpleasant as it seems, a clever woman may make her advantage," cries my lord. Maria said she failed to comprehend.

"As thus. I name no names; I meddle in no person's business, having quite enough to do to manage my own cursed affairs. But suppose I happen to know of a case in another family which may be applicable to ours. It is this. A green young lad of tolerable expectations, comes up from the country to his friends in town—never mind from what country: never mind to what town. An elderly female relative, who has been dragging her spinsterhood about these —how many years shall we say?—extorts a promise of marriage from my young gentleman, never mind on what conditions."

"My lord, do you want to insult your sister as well as to injure your cousin?" asks Maria.

"My good child, did I say a single word about fleecing, or cheating, or pigeoning, or did I fly into a passion when you insulted *me?* I know the allowance that must be made for your temper, and the natural folly of your sex. I say I treated you with soft words—I go on with my story. The elderly relative extracts a promise of marriage from the young lad, which my gentleman is quite unwilling to keep. No, he won't keep it. He is utterly tired of his elderly relative: he will plead his mother's refusal: he will do anything to get out of his promise."

"Yes; if he was one of us Esmonds, my Lord Castlewood. But this

is a man of honour we are speaking of," cried Maria, who, I suppose, admired truth in others, however little she saw it in her own family.

"I do not contradict either of my dear sister's remarks. One of us would fling the promise to the winds, especially as it does not exist in writing."

"My lord!" gasps out Maria.

"Bah! I know all. That little *coup* of Tunbridge was played by the Aunt Bernstein with excellent skill. The old woman is the best man of our family. While you were arrested, your boxes were searched for the Mohock's letters to you. When you were let loose, the letters had disappeared, and you said nothing, like a wise woman as you are sometimes. You still hanker after your Cherokee. *Soit.* A woman of your mature experience knows the value of a husband. What is this little loss of two or three hundred pounds?"

"Not more than three hundred, my lord?" interposes Maria.

"Eh! never mind a hundred or two, more or less. What is this loss at cards? A mere bagatelle! You are playing for a principality. You want your kingdom in Virginia; and if you listen to my opinion, the little misfortune which has happened to your swain is a piece of great good fortune to you."

"I don't understand you, my lord."

"*C'est possible*; but sit down, and I will explain what I mean in a manner suited to your capacity." And so Maria Esmond, who had advanced to her brother like a raging lion, now sate down at his feet like a gentle lamb.

Madame de Bernstein was not a little moved at the news of her nephew's arrest, which Mr. Gumbo brought to Clarges-street on the night of the calamity. She would have cross-examined the black, and had further particulars respecting Harry's mishap; but Mr. Gumbo, anxious to carry his intelligence to other quarters, had vanished when her ladyship sent for him. Her temper was not improved by the news, or by the sleepless night which she spent. I do not envy the *dame de compagnie* who played cards with her, or the servant who had to lie in her chamber. An arrest was an everyday occurrence, as she knew very well as a woman of the world. Into what difficulties had her scapegrace of a nephew fallen? How much money should she be called upon to pay to release him? And had he run through all his own? Provided he had not committed himself very deeply, she was quite disposed to aid him. She liked even his extravagances and follies. He was the only being in the world on whom, for long, long years, that weary woman had been able to bestow a little natural affection. So, on their different beds, she and Harry were lying wakeful together; and quite early in the morning the messengers which each sent forth on the same business may have crossed each other.

Madame Bernstein's messenger was despatched to the chambers of her man of business, Mr. Draper, with an order that Mr. D. should

ascertain for what sums Mr. Warrington had been arrested, and forthwith repair to the Baroness. Draper's emissaries speedily found out that Mr. Warrington was locked up close beside them, and the amount of detainers against him so far. Were there other creditors, as no doubt there were, they would certainly close upon him when they were made acquainted with his imprisonment.

To Mr. Sparks, the jeweller, for those unlucky presents, so much; to the landlord in Bond Street, for board, fire, lodging, so much: these were at present the only claims against Mr. Warrington, Mr. Draper found. He was ready at a signal from her ladyship to settle them at a moment. The jeweller's account ought especially to be paid, for Mr. Harry had acted most imprudently in taking goods from Mr. Sparks on credit, and pledging them with a pawnbroker. He must have been under some immediate pressure for money; intended to redeem the goods immediately, meant nothing but what was honourable of course; but the affair would have an ugly look, if made public, and had better be settled out of hand. "There cannot be the least difficulty regarding a thousand pounds more or less, for a gentleman of Mr. Warrington's rank and expectations," said Madame de Bernstein. Not the least: her ladyship knew very well that there were funds belonging to Mr. Warrington, on which money could be at once raised with her ladyship's guarantee.

Should he go that instant and settle the matter with Messrs. Amos? Mr. Harry might be back to dine with her at two, and to confound the people at the clubs, who are no doubt rejoicing over his misfortunes, said the compassionate Mr. Draper.

But the Baroness had other views. "I think, my good Mr. Draper," she said, "that my young gentleman has sown wild oats enough; and when he comes out of prison, I should like him to come out clear, and without any liabilities at all. You are not aware of all his."

"No gentleman ever does tell all his debts, madame," says Mr. Draper; "no one *I* ever had to deal with."

"There is one which the silly boy has contracted, and from which he ought to be released, Mr. Draper. You remember a little circumstance which occurred at Tunbridge Wells in the autumn? About which I sent up my man Case to you?"

"When your ladyship pleases to recall it, I remember it—not otherwise," says Mr. Draper, with a bow. "A lawyer should be like a Popish confessor,—what is told him is a secret for ever, and for every body." So we must not whisper Madame Bernstein's secret to Mr. Draper; but the reader may perhaps guess it from the lawyer's conduct subsequently.

The lawyer felt pretty certain that ere long he would receive a summons from the poor young prisoner in Cursitor Street, and waited for that invitation before he visited Mr. Warrington. Six and thirty hours passed ere the invitation came, during which period Harry passed the dreariest two days which he ever remembered to have spent.

There was no want of company in the lock-up house, the bailiff's rooms were nearly always full; but Harry preferred the dingy solitude of his own room to the society round his landlady's table, and it was only on the second day of his arrest, and when his purse was emptied by the heavy charges of the place, that he made up his mind to apply to Mr. Draper. He despatched a letter then to the lawyer at the Temple, informing him of his plight, and desiring him, in an emphatic postcript, not to say one word about the matter to his aunt Madame de Bernstein.

He had made up his mind not to apply to the old lady except at the very last extremity. She had treated him with so much kindness, that he revolted from the notion of trespassing on her bounty, and for a while tried to please himself with the idea that he might get out of durance without her even knowing that any misfortune at all had befallen him. There seemed to him something humiliating in petitioning a woman for money. No! He would apply first to his male friends, all of whom might help him if they would. It had been his intention to send Sampson to one or other of them as a negotiator, had not the poor fellow been captured on his way to succour his friend.

Sampson gone, Harry was obliged to have recourse to his own negro servant, who was kept on the trot all day between Temple Bar and the Court end of the town with letters from his unlucky master. Firstly, then, Harry sent off a most private and confidential letter to his kinsman the Right Honourable the Earl of Castlewood, saying how he had been cast into prison, and begging Castlewood to lend him the amount of the debt. "Please to keep my application, and the cause of it, a profound secret from the dear ladies," wrote poor Harry.

"Was ever anything so unfortunate?" wrote back Lord Castlewood, in reply. "I suppose you have not got my note of yesterday? It must be lying at your lodgings, where—I hope in heaven!—you will soon be, too. My dear Mr. Warrington, thinking you were as rich as Crœsus—otherwise I never should have sate down to cards with you—I wrote to you yesterday, begging you to lend *me* some money to appease some hungry duns whom I don't know how else to pacify. My poor fellow! every shilling of your money went to them, and but for my peer's privilege I might be hob-and-nob with you now in your dungeon. May you soon escape from it, is the prayer of your sincere Castlewood."

This was the result of application number one: and we may imagine that Mr. Harry read the reply to his petition with rather a blank face. Never mind! There was kind, jolly Uncle Warrington. Only last night his aunt had kissed him and loved him like a son. His uncle had called down blessings on his head, and professed quite a paternal regard for him. With a feeling of shyness and modesty in presence of those virtuous parents and family, Harry had never said a word about his wild doings, or his horse-racings, or his gamblings, or his extravagances. It must all out now. He must confess himself a Prodigal and a Sinner, and ask for their forgiveness and aid. So

Prodigal sate down and composed a penitent letter to Uncle Warrington, and exposed his sad case, and besought him to come to the rescue. Was not that a bitter nut to crack for our haughty young Virginian? Hours of mortification and profound thought as to the pathos of the composition did Harry pass over that letter; sheet after sheet of Mr. Amos's sixpence a sheet letter-paper did he tear up before the missive was complete, with which poor blubbering Gumbo (much vilified by the bailiff's followers and parasites, whom he was robbing, as they conceived, of their perquisites) went his way.

At evening the faithful negro brought back a thick letter in his aunt's handwriting. Harry opened the letter with a trembling hand. He thought it was full of bank-notes. Ah, me! it contained a sermon (Daniel in the Lion's Den) by Mr. Whitfield and a letter from Lady Warrington saying that, in Sir Miles's absence from London, she was in the habit of opening his letters, and hence, perforce, was become acquainted with a fact which she *deplored from her inmost soul* to learn, namely, that her nephew Warrington had been *extravagant and was in debt.* Of course, in the absence of Sir Miles, she could not hope to have at command such a sum as that for which Mr. Warrington wrote, but she sent him her *heartfelt prayers,* her *deepest commiseration,* and a discourse by dear Mr. Whitfield, which would comfort him in his present (alas! she feared not undeserved) calamity. She added profuse references to particular Scriptural chapters which would do him good. If she might speak of things worldly she said at *such a moment,* she would hint to Mr. Warrington that his epistolary orthography was anything but correct. She would not fail for her part to comply with his express desire that his *dear cousins* should know nothing of this most *painful circumstance,* and with every wish for his welfare here and elsewhere, she subscribed herself his loving aunt,

MARGARET WARRINGTON.

Poor Harry hid his face between his hands, and sate for a while with elbows on the greasy table blankly staring into the candle before him. The bailiff's servant, who was touched by his handsome face, suggested a mug of beer for his honour, but Harry could not drink, nor eat the meat that was placed before him. Gumbo however could, whose grief did not deprive him of appetite, and who, blubbering the while, finished all the beer, and all the bread and the meat. Meanwhile, Harry had finished another letter, with which Gumbo was commissioned to start again, and away the faithful creature ran upon his errand.

Gumbo ran as far as White's Club, to which house he was ordered in the first instance to carry the letter, and where he found the person to whom it was addressed. Even the prisoner, for whom time passed so slowly, was surprised at the celerity with which his negro had performed his errand.

At least the letter which Harry expected had not taken long to write.

"My lord wrote it at the hall-porter's desk, while I stood there then with Mr. Morris," said Gumbo, and the letter was to this effect:—

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry I cannot comply with your wish, as I'm short of money at present, having paid large sums to you as well as to other gentlemen. Yours obediently,

MARCH and R.

Henry Warrington, Esq.

"Did Lord March say anything?" asked Mr. Warrington, looking very pale.

"He say it was the coollest thing he ever knew. So did Mr. Morris. He showed him your letter, Master Harry. Yes, and Mr. Morris say, 'Dam his imperence!'" added Gumbo.

Harry burst into such a yell of laughter that his landlord thought he had good news, and ran in in alarm lest he was about to lose his tenant. But by this time poor Harry's laughter was over, and he was flung down in his chair gazing dismally in the fire.

"I—I should like to smoke a pipe of Virginia," he groaned.

Gumbo burst into tears: he flung himself at Harry's knees. He kissed his knees and his hands. "O master, my dear master, what will they say at home?" he sobbed out.

The jailor was touched at the sight of the black's grief and fidelity, and at Harry's pale face as he sank back in his chair, quite overcome and beaten by his calamity.

"Your honour ain't eat anything these two days," the man said, in a voice of rough pity. "Pluck up a little, sir. You aren't the first gentleman who has been in and out of grief before this. Let me go down and get you a glass of punch and a little supper."

"My good friend," said Harry, a sickly smile playing over his white face, "you pay ready money for everything in this house, don't you? I must tell you that I haven't a shilling left to buy a dish of meat. All the money I have I want for letter-paper."

"O, master, my master!" roared out Gumbo. "Look here, my dear Master Harry! Here's plenty of money—here's twenty-three five-guineas. Here's gold moidore from Virginia—here—no, not that—that's keepsakes the girls gave me. Take everything—everything. I go sell myself to-morrow morning; but here's plenty for to-night, master!"

"God bless you, Gumbo!" Harry said, laying his hand on the lad's woolly head. "You are free if I am not, and Heaven forbid I should not take the offered help of such a friend as you. Bring me some supper: but the pipe too, mind—the pipe too!" And Harry ate his supper with a relish: and even the turnkeys and bailiff's followers, when Gumbo went out of the house that night, shook hands with him, and ever after treated him well.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

VISITORS IN TROUBLE.

MR. GUMBO'S generous and feeling conduct soothed and softened the angry heart of his master, and Harry's second night in the sponging-house was passed more pleasantly than the first. Somebody at least there was, to help and compassionate with him. Still, though softened in that one particular spot, Harry's heart was hard and proud towards almost all the rest of the world. They were selfish and ungenerous, he thought. His pious aunt Warrington, his lordly friend March, his cynical cousin Castlewood, —all had been tried, and were found wanting. Not to avoid twenty years of prison would he stoop to ask a favour of one of them again. Fool that he had been, to believe in their promises, and confide in their friendship! There was no friendship in this cursed, cold, selfish country. He would leave it. He would trust no Englishman, great or small. He would go to Germany, and make a campaign with the king; or he would go home to Virginia, bury himself in the woods there, and hunt all day; become his mother's factor and land-steward; marry Polly Broadbent, or Fanny Mountain; turn regular tobacco-grower and farmer; do anything, rather than remain amongst these English fine gentlemen. So he arose with an outwardly cheerful countenance, but an angry spirit;

and at an early hour in the morning the faithful Gumbo was in attendance in his master's chamber, having come from Bond Street, and brought Mr. Harry's letters thence. "I wanted to bring some more clothes," honest Gumbo said; "but Mr. Ruff, the landlord, he wouldn't let me bring no more."

Harry did not care to look at the letters: he opened one, two, three; they were all bills. He opened a fourth; it was from the landlord, to say that he would allow no more of Mr. Warrington's things to go out of the house,—that unless his bill was paid he should sell Mr. W.'s goods and pay himself; and that his black man must go and sleep elsewhere. He would hardly let Gumbo take his own clothes and portmanteau away. The black said he had found refuge elsewhere —with some friends at Lord Wrotham's house. "With Colonel Lambert's people," says Mr. Gumbo, looking very hard at his master. "And Miss Hetty she fall down in a faint, when she hear you taken up; and Mr. Lambert, he very good man, and he say to me this morning, he say, 'Gumbo, you tell your master if he want me he send to me, and I come to him.'"

Harry was touched when he heard that Hetty had been afflicted by his misfortune.. He did not believe Gumbo's story about her fainting; he was accustomed to translate his black's language and to allow for exaggeration. But when Gumbo spoke of the Colonel the young Virginian's spirit was darkened again. "*I* send to Lambert," he thought, grinding his teeth, "the man who insulted me, and flung my presents back in my face! If I were starving I would not ask him for a crust!" And presently, being dressed, Mr. Warrington called for his breakfast, and dispatched Gumbo with a brief note to Mr. Draper in the Temple, requiring that gentleman's attendance.

"The note was as haughty as if he was writing to one of his negroes, and not to a free-born English gentleman," Draper said; whom indeed Harry had always treated with insufferable condescension. "It's all very well for a fine gentleman to give himself airs; but for a fellow in a sponging-house! Hang him!" says Draper, "I've a great mind not to go!" Nevertheless, Mr. Draper did go, and found Mr. Warrington in his misfortune even more arrogant than he had ever been in the days of his utmost prosperity. Mr. W. sat on his bed, like a lord, in a splendid gown with his hair dressed. He motioned his black man to fetch him a chair.

"Excuse me, madam, but such haughtiness and airs I ain't accustomed to!" said the outraged attorney.

"Take a chair and go on with your story, my good Mr. Draper?" said Madame de Bernstein, smiling, to whom he went to report proceedings. She was amused at the lawyer's anger. She liked her nephew for being insolent in adversity.

The course which Draper was to pursue in his interview with Harry had been arranged between the Baroness and her man of business on the previous day. Draper was an able man, and likely in most

cases to do a client good service; he failed in the present instance because he was piqued and angry, or, more likely still, because he could not understand the gentleman with whom he had to deal. I presume that he who casts his eye on the present page is the most gentle of readers. Gentleman, as you unquestionably are then, my dear sir, have you not remarked in your dealings with people who are no gentlemen, that you offend them not knowing the how or the why? So the man who is no gentleman offends you in a thousand ways of which the poor creature has no idea himself. He does or says something which provokes your scorn. He perceives that scorn (being always on the watch, and uneasy about himself, his manners and behaviour) and he rages. You speak to him naturally, and he fancies still that you are sneering at him. You have indifference towards him, but he hates *you* and hates you the worse because you don't care. "Gumbo, a chair to Mr. Draper!" says Mr. Warrington, folding his brocaded dressing-gown round his legs as he sits on the dingy bed. "Sit down, if you please, and let us talk my business over. Much obliged to you for coming so soon in reply to my message. Had you heard of this piece of ill-luck before?"

Mr. Draper had heard of the circumstance. "Bad news travel quick, Mr. Warrington," he said; "and I was eager to offer my humble services as soon as ever you should require them. Your friends, your family, will be much pained that a gentleman of your rank should be in such a position."

"I have been very imprudent, Mr. Draper. I have lived beyond my means." (Mr. Draper bowed.) "I played in company with gentlemen who were much richer than myself, and a cursed run of ill-luck has carried away all my ready-money, leaving me with liabilities to the amount of five hundred pounds, and more."

"Five hundred now in the office," says Mr. Draper.

"Well, this is such a trifle that I thought by sending to one or two friends, yesterday, I could have paid my debt and gone home without farther to do. I have been mistaken; and will thank you to have the kindness to put me in the way of raising the money, as soon as may be."

Mr. Draper said "Hm!" and pulled a very grave and long face.

"Why, sir, it can be done!" says Mr. Warrington, staring at the lawyer.

It not only could be done, but Mr. Draper had proposed to Madame Bernstein on the day before instantly to pay the money, and release Mr. Warrington. That lady had declared she intended to make the young gentleman her heir. In common with the rest of the world, Draper believed Harry's hereditary property in Virginia to be as great in money-value as in extent. He had notes in his pocket, and Madame Bernstein's order to pay them under certain conditions: nevertheless, when Harry said, "It can be done!" Draper pulled his long face, and said, "It can be done in time, sir; but it will require a con-

siderable time. To touch the property in England which is yours on Mr. George Warrington's death, we must have the event proved, the trustees released: and who is to do either? Lady Esmond Warrington in Virginia, of course will not allow her son to remain in prison, but we must wait six months before we hear from her. Has your Bristol agent any authority to honour your drafts?"

"He is only authorised to pay me two hundred pounds a-year," says Mr. Warrington. "I suppose I have no resource, then, but to apply to my aunt, Madame de Bernstein. She will be my security."

"Her ladyship will do anything for you, sir; she has said so to me, often and often," said the lawyer; "and, if she gives the word, at that moment you can walk out of this place."

"Go to her, then, from me, Mr. Draper. I did not want to have troubled my relations: but rather than continue in this horrible needless imprisonment, I must speak to her. Say where I am, and what has befallen me. Disguise nothing! And tell her, that I confide in her affection and kindness for me to release me from this—this disgrace," and Mr. Warrington's voice shook a little, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

"Sir," says Mr. Draper, eyeing the young man, "I was with her ladyship yesterday, when we talked over the whole of this here most unpleasant—I won't say as you do, disgraceful business."

"What do you mean, sir? Does Madame de Bernstein know of my misfortune?" asked Harry.

"Every circumstance, sir; the pawning the watches, and all."

Harry turned burning red. "It is an unfortunate business, the pawning them watches and things which you had never paid for," continued the lawyer. The young man started up from the bed, looking so fierce that Draper felt a little alarmed.

"It may lead to litigation and unpleasant remarks being made in court, sir. Them barristers respect nothing; and when they get a feller in the box——"

"Great Heaven, sir, you don't suppose a gentleman of my rank can't take a watch upon credit without intending to cheat the tradesman?" cried Harry, in the greatest agitation.

"Of course you meant everything that's honourable; only, you see, the law mayn't happen to think so," says Mr. Draper, winking his eye. "(Hang the supercilious beast; I touch him there!) Your aunt says it 's the most imprudent thing ever she heard of—to call it by no *worse* name."

"You call it by no worse name yourself, Mr. Draper?" says Harry, speaking each word very slow, and evidently trying to keep a command of himself.

Draper did not like his looks. "Heaven forbid that I should say anything as between gentleman and gentleman,—but between me and my client, it's my duty to say, 'Sir, you are in a very unpleasant

scrape,' just as a doctor would have to tell his patient, 'Sir, you are very ill.'"

"And you can't help me to pay this debt off,—and you have come only to tell me that I may be accused of roguery?" says Harry.

"Of obtaining goods under false pretences? Most undoubtedly, yes. I can't help it, sir. Don't look as if you would knock me down. (Curse him, I am making him wince, though.) A young gentleman, who has only two hundred a-year from his ma', orders diamonds and watches, and takes 'em to a pawnbroker. You ask me what people will think of such behaviour, and I tell you honestly. Don't be angry with *me*, Mr. Warrington."

"Go on, sir!" says Harry, with a groan.

The lawyer thought the day was his own. "But you ask if I can't help to pay this debt off? And I say Yes—and that here is the money in my pocket to do it now, if you like—not mine, sir, my honoured client's, your aunt, Lady Bernstein. But she has a right to impose her conditions, and I've brought 'em with me."

"Tell them, sir," says Mr. Harry.

"They are not hard. They are only for your own good: and if you say Yes, we can call a hackney-coach, and go to Clarges Street together, which I have promised to go there, whether you will or no. Mr. Warrington, I name no names, but there was a question of marriage between you and a certain party."

"Ah!" said Harry; and his countenance looked more cheerful than it had yet done.

"To that marriage my noble client, the Baroness, is most averse—having other views for you, and thinking it will be your ruin to marry a party,—of noble birth and title it is true; but, excuse me, not of first-rate character, and so much older than yourself. You had given an imprudent promise to that party."

"Yes; and she has it still," says Mr. Warrington.

"It has been recovered. She dropped it by an accident at Tunbridge," says Mr. Draper, "so my client informed me; indeed her ladship showed it me, for the matter of that. It was wrote in bl——"

"Never mind, sir!" cries Harry, turning almost as red as the ink which he had used to write his absurd promise, of which the madness and folly had smote him with shame a thousand times over.

"At the same time letters, wrote to you, and compromising a noble family, were recovered," continues the lawyer. "You had lost 'em. It was no fault of yours. You were away when they were found again. You may say that that noble family, that you yourself, have a friend such as few young men have. Well, sir, there's no earthly promise to bind you—only so many idle words said over a bottle, which very likely any gentleman may forget. Say you won't go on with this marriage—give me and my noble friend your word of honour. Cry off, I say, Mr. W.! Don't be such a d—— fool, saving your presence, as

to marry an old woman who has jilted scores of men in her time. Say the word, and I step down stairs, pay every shilling against you in the office, and put you down in my coach, either at your aunt's or at White's Club, if you like, with a couple of hundred in your pocket. Say yes; and give us your hand! There's no use in sitting grinning behind these bars all day!"

So far Mr. Draper had had the best of the talk. Harry only longed himself to be rid of the engagement from which his aunt wanted to free him. His foolish flame for Maria Esmond had died out long since. If she would release him, how thankful would he be! "Come! give us your hand, and say done!" says the lawyer, with a knowing wink. "Don't stand shilly-shallying, sir. Law bless you, Mr. W., if I had married everybody I promised, I should be like the grand Turk, or Captain Macheath in the play!"

The lawyer's familiarity digusted Harry, who shrank from Draper, scarcely knowing that he did so. He folded his dressing-gown round him, and stepped back from the other's proffered hand. "Give me a little time to think of the matter, if you please, Mr. Draper," he said, "and have the goodness to come to me again in an hour."

"Very good, sir, very good, sir!" says the lawyer, biting his lips, and, as he seized up his hat, turning very red. "Most parties would not want an hour to consider about such an offer as I make you: but I suppose my time must be yours, and I'll come again, and see whether you are to go or to stay. Good morning, sir, good morning:" and he went his way, growling curses down the stairs. "Won't take my hand, won't he? Will tell me in an hour's time! Hang his impudence! I'll show him what an hour is!"

Mr. Draper went to his chambers in dudgeon then; bullied his clerks all round, sent off a messenger to the Baroness, to say that he had waited on the young gentleman, who had demanded a little time for consideration, which was for form's sake, as he had no doubt; the lawyer then saw clients, transacted business, went out to his dinner in the most leisurely manner; and then finally turned his steps towards the neighbouring Cursitor Street. "He'll be at home when I call, the haughty beast!" says Draper, with a sneer. "The Fortunate Youth in his room?" the lawyer asked of the sheriff's officer's aid-de-camp who came to open the double doors.

"Mr. Warrington is in his apartment," said the gentleman, "but ——" and here the gentleman winked at Mr. Draper, and laid his hand on his nose.

"But what? Mr. Paddy from Cork!" said the lawyer.

"My name is Costigan; me familee is noble, and me neetive place is the Irish methrawpolis, Mr. Six-and-eightpence!" said the Janitor, scowling at Draper. A rich odour of spirituous liquors filled the little space between the double doors where he held the attorney in conversation.

"Confound you, sir, let me pass!" bawled out Mr. Draper.

"I can hear you perfectly well, Six-and-eightpence, except your h's, which you dthrop out of your conversation. I'll thank ye not to call neems, me good friend, or me fingers and your nose will have to make an intimate hic-quaintance. Walk in, sir! Be polite for the future to your shupariors in birth and manners, though they me be your infariors in temporary station. Confound the kay! Walk in, sir, I say!—— Madam, I have the honour of saluting ye most respectfully!"

A lady with her face covered with a capuchin, and further hidden by her handkerchief, uttered a little exclamation as of alarm as she came down the stairs at this instant and hurried past the lawyer. He was pressing forward to look at her—for Mr. Draper was very cavalier in his manners to women—but the bailiff's follower thrust his leg between Draper and the retreating lady, crying, "Keep your own distance, if you plaise! This way, madam! I at once recognised your ladysh——" Here he closed the door on Draper's nose, and left that attorney to find his own way to his client up-stairs.

At six o'clock that evening the old Baroness de Bernstein was pacing up and down her drawing crutch, and for ever running to the window when the noise of a coach was heard passing in Clarges Street. She had delayed her dinner from hour to hour: she who scolded so fiercely, on ordinary occasions, if her cook was five minutes after his time. She had ordered two covers to be laid, plate to be set out, and some extra dishes to be prepared as if for a little *fête*. Four—five o'clock passed, and at six she looked from the window, and a coach actually stopped at her door.

"Mr. Draper" was announced, and entered bowing profoundly.

The old lady trembled on her stick. "Where is the boy?" she said quickly. "I told you to bring him, sir! How dare you come without him?"

"It is not my fault, madam, that Mr. Warrington refuses to come." And Draper gave his version of the interview which had just taken place between himself and the young Virginian.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AN APPARITION.

GOING off in his wrath from his morning's conversation with Harry, Mr. Draper thought he heard the young prisoner speak behind him; and, indeed, Harry had risen, and uttered a half-exclamation to call the lawyer back. But he was proud, and the other offended: Harry checked his words, and Draper did not choose to stop. It wounded Harry's pride to be obliged to humble himself before the lawyer, and to have to yield from mere lack and desire of money. "An hour hence will do as well," thought Harry, and lapsed sulkily on to the bed again. No, he did not care for Maria Esmond. No: he was ashamed of the way in which he had been entrapped into that engagement. A wily and experienced woman, she had cheated his boyish ardour. She had taken unfair advantage of him, as her brother had at play. They were his own flesh and blood, and they ought to have spared him. Instead, one and the other had made a prey of him, and had used him for their selfish ends. He thought how they had betrayed the rights of hospitality: how they had made a victim of the young kinsman who came confiding within their gates. His heart was sore wounded: his head sank back on his pillow: bitter tears wetted it. "Had they come to Virginia," he thought, "I had given them a different welcome!"

He was roused from this mood of despondency by Gumbo's grinning

face at his door, who said a lady was come to see Master Harry, and behind the lad came the lady in the capuchin, of whom we have just made mention. Harry sat up, pale and haggard, on his bed. The lady, with a sob, and almost ere the servant-man withdrew, ran towards the young prisoner, put her arms round his neck with real emotion and a maternal tenderness, sobbed over his pale cheek and kissed it in the midst of plentiful tears, and cried out—

"O, my Harry! Did I ever, ever think to see thee here?"

He started back, scared as it seemed at her presence, but she sank down at the bedside, and seized his feverish hand, and embraced his knees. She had a real regard and tenderness for him. The wretched place in which she found him, his wretched look, filled her heart with a sincere love and pity.

"I—I thought none of you would come!" said poor Harry, with a groan.

More tears, more kisses of the hot young hand, more clasps and pressure with hers, were the lady's reply for a moment or two.

"O, my dear! my dear! I cannot bear to think of thee in misery," she sobbed out.

Hardened though it might be, that heart was not all marble—that dreary life not all desert. Harry's mother could not have been fonder, nor her tones more tender than those of his kinswoman now kneeling at his feet.

"Some of the debts, I fear, were owing to my extravagance!" she said (and this was true). "You bought trinkets and jewels in order to give me pleasure. O, how I hate them now! I little thought I ever could! I have brought them all with me, and more trinkets—here! and here! and all the money I have in the world!"

And she poured brooches, rings, a watch, and a score or so of guineas into Harry's lap. The sight of which strangely agitated and immensely touched the young man.

"Dearest, kindest cousin!" he sobbed out.

His lips found no more words to utter, but yet, no doubt they served to express his gratitude, his affection, his emotion.

He became quite gay presently, and smiled as he put away some of the trinkets, his presents to Maria, and told her into what danger he had fallen by selling other goods which he had purchased on credit; and how a lawyer had insulted him just now upon this very point. He would not have his dear Maria's money—he had enough, quite enough for the present: but he valued her twenty guineas as much as if they had been twenty thousand. He would never forget her love and kindness: no, by all that was sacred he would not! His mother should know of all her goodness. It had cheered him when he was just on the point of breaking down under his disgrace and misery. Might Heaven bless her for it! There is no need to pursue beyond this, the cousins' conversation. The dark day seemed brighter to Harry after Maria's visit: the imprisonment not so hard to bear. The world was

not all selfish and cold. Here was a fond creature who really and truly loved him. Even Castlewood was not so bad as he had thought. He had expressed the deepest grief at not being able to assist his kinsman. He was hopelessly in debt. Every shilling he had won from Harry he had lost on the next day to others. Anything that lay in his power he would do. He would come soon and see Mr. Warrington: he was in waiting to-day, and as much a prisoner as Harry himself. So the pair talked on cheerfully and affectionately until the darkness began to close in, when Maria, with a sigh, bade Harry farewell.

The door scarcely closed upon her, when it opened to admit Draper.

"Your humble servant, sir," says the attorney. His voice jarred upon Harry's ear, and his presence offended the young man.

"I had expected you some hours ago, sir," he curtly said.

"A lawyer's time is not always his own, sir," said Mr. Draper, who had just been in consultation with a bottle of port at the Grecian. "Never mind, I'm at your orders now. Presume it's all right, Mr. Warrington. Packed your trunk? Why, now, there you are in your bed-gown still. Let me go down and settle whilst you call in your black man and titivate a bit. I've a coach at the door, and we'll be off and dine with the old lady."

"Are you going to dine with the Baroness de Bernstein, pray?"

"Not me—no such honour. Had my dinner already. It's you are a-going to dine with your aunt, I suppose?"

"Mr. Draper, you suppose a great deal more than you know," says Mr. Warrington, looking very fierce and tall, as he folds his brocade dressing-gown round him.

"Great goodness, sir, what do you mean?" asks Draper.

"I mean, sir, that I have considered, and, that having given my word to a faithful and honourable lady, it does not become me to withdraw it."

"Confound it, sir!" shrieks the lawyer, "I tell you she has lost the paper. There's nothing to bind you—nothing. Why she's old enough to be——"

"Enough, sir," says Mr. Warrington, with a stamp of his foot. "You seem to think you are talking to some other pettifogger. I take it, Mr. Draper, you are not accustomed to have dealings with men of honour."

"Pettifogger, indeed," cries Draper in a fury. "Men of honour, indeed! I'd have you to know, Mr. Warrington, that I'm as good a man of honour as you. I don't know so many gamblers and horse-jockeys, perhaps. I haven't gambled away my patrimony, and lived as if I was a nobleman on two hundred a-year. I haven't bought watches on credit, and pawned—touch me if you dare, sir," and the lawyer sprang to the door.

"That is the way out, sir. You can't go through the window, because it is barred," said Mr. Warrington.

"And the answer I take to my client is No, then!" screamed out Draper.

Harry stepped forward, with his two hands clenched. "If you utter another word," he said, "I'll——" The door was shut rapidly—the sentence was never finished, and Draper went away furious to Madame de Bernstein, from whom, though he gave her the best version of his story, he got still fiercer language than he had received from Mr. Warrington himself.

"What? Shall she trust me, and I desert her?" says Harry, stalking up and down his room in his flowing, rustling brocade. "Dear, faithful, generous woman! If I lie in prison for years, I'll be true to her."

Her lawyer dismissed after a stormy interview, the desolate old woman was fain to sit down to the meal which she had hoped to share with her nephew. The chair was before her which he was to have filled, the glasses shining by the silver. One dish after another was laid before her by the silent major-domo, and tasted and pushed away. The man pressed his mistress at last. "It is eight o'clock," he said. "You have had nothing all day. It is good for you to eat." She could not eat. She would have her coffee. Let Case go get her her coffee. The lacqueys bore the dishes off the table, leaving their mistress sitting at it before the vacant chair.

Presently the old servant re-entered the room without his lady's coffee and with a strange scared face, and said, "Mr. WARRINGTON!"

The old woman uttered an exclamation, got up from her arm chair, but sank back in it trembling very much. "So you are come, sir, are you?" she said, with a fond shaking voice. "Bring back the—— Ah!" here she screamed, "Gracious God, who is it?" Her eyes stared wildly: her white face looked ghastly through her rouge. She clung to the arms of her chair for support, as the visitor approached her.

A gentleman whose face and figure exactly resembled Harry Warrington, and whose voice, when he spoke, had tones strangely similar, had followed the servant into the room. He bowed low towards the Baroness.

"You expected my brother, madam?" he said. "I am but now arrived in London. I went to his house. I met his servant at your door, who was bearing this letter for you. I thought I would bring it to your ladyship before going to him,"—and the stranger laid down a letter before Madame Bernstein.

"Are you"—gasped out the Baroness—"are you my nephew, that we supposed was——"

"Was killed—and is alive! I am George Warrington, madam, and I ask his kinsfolk, what have you done with my brother?"

"Look, George!" said the bewildered old lady. "I expected him here to-night—that chair was set for him—I have been waiting for him, sir, till now—till I am quite faint—I dont like—I don't like being alone. Do stay and sup with me!"

"Pardon me, madam. Please God, my supper will be with Harry to-night!"

"Bring him back. Bring him back here on any conditions! It is but five hundred pounds! Here is the money, sir, if you need it!"

"I have no want, madam. I have money with me that can't be better employed than in my brother's service."

"And you will bring him to me, sir! Say you will bring him to me!"

Mr. Warrington made a very stately bow for answer, and quitted the room, passing by the amazed domestics, and calling with an air of authority to Gumbo to follow him.

Had Mr. Harry received no letters from home? Master Harry had not opened all his letters the last day or two. Had he received no letter announcing his brother's escape from the French settlements and return to Virginia? O, no! No such letter had come, else Master Harry certainly tell Gumbo. Quick, horses! Quick by Strand to Temple Bar! Here is the house of Captivity and the Deliverer come to the rescue!

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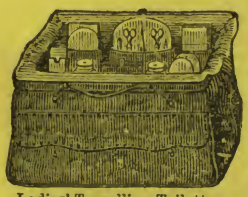

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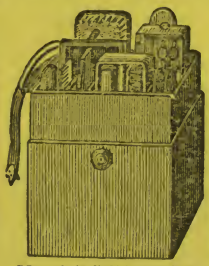

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Cure No. 46,270.—Mr. James Roberts, Wood-merchant, of thirty years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, partial deafness.

Cure No. 46,814.—Mr. Samuel Laxton, Leicester, of two years' diarrhœa.

Cure No. 52,612.—The Dowager Countess of Castlestuart, of many years' nervous irritability, bile, and indigestion.

Cure No. 54,812.—Miss Virginia Zeguers, cured of consumption, after her medical advisers had abandoned all hopes of recovery.

Cure No. 180.—"Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I have suffered great misery, and which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's Food in a very short time.—W. R. Reeves, 181, Fleet Street, London."

Cure No. 4,208.—"Eight years' dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, with cramps, spasms, and nausea, for which my servant had consulted the advice of many, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's health-restoring Food. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries.—Rev. John W. Flavell, Ridlington Rectory, Norfolk."

Cure No. 32,836.—"Three years' excessive nervousness, with pains in my neck and left arm, and general debility, which rendered my life very miserable, has been radically removed by Du Barry's health-restoring Food.—Alex. Stuart, Archdeacon of Ross, Skibbereen."

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